

Book and Tract Work.

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A NEW TRACT.

I have sent the Publishing Board a cut and manuscript for a new tract called: "The Arched Gate." It contains the illustration often used in connection with the letters D. E. A. T. H., Disciple, Enter, and Travel Heavenward. The design is original, and was drawn expressly for this tract by an artist connected with the Ram's Horn, that unique publication of Chicago. The tract is calculated to make friends for us, and push our name and object. I shall use it as an opening tract for our mission work. The price will be made and named by publishers. Get a lot by all means and scatter them.

GREAT ADVANTAGES.

Brother G. W. Rench, of Milford, Ind., has published a tract, "Advantages of Being a Member of the Brethren Church." It is a good tract and should be used where the cause has certain obstacles. I say this because of the brief P. S. on "How we Differ From the German Baptists." The tract is worthy of distribution anywhere, but especially where a point is desired to be made nicely and Christly on the differences. I have sent for a number of these tracts myself to place where they will do the most good. Keep going if you want to get there. Keep the work pushing if you want to succeed. Now we desire to reach success in this department, and while the writer is a busy man, and has his hands and head and heart full, yet he will try and "tote" his end of the log, and this department from this time forth will be represented, and the effort made to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. Give us your suggestions, purchase the tracts, increase the circulation of the paper. Above all remember us at a throne of grace, and keep the path to the throne perfumed with prayer.

ONE SHAFT TO HEAVEN.

The following story is told by a London contemporary to indicate the aptness of illustration of the noted English divine, Rev. Peter Mackenzie, and to show how he drove his point home on one occasion:

"Mr. Mackenzie had been preaching in a mining village one week, and after the service had closed and he was on his way to his host's house, he was accosted by a skeptic who thought he would put a 'puzzler' to 'this chap in a white tie.' The congregations of other places of wor-

ship were also returning home and going their divers ways, and this supplied our skeptical friend with a subject with which to bother Peter. 'How is it,' he asked, 'there are so many different religions?' illustrating the query by pointing to the people just coming from service, 'and how is it possible that they can all be right? Can you tell me which is the right religion?'

"In a moment Peter replied: 'Thou's a pitman, issent thou?' 'Yes.' 'Well, when thou gans to'd shaft bottom ye dinnet all gan in the same way. Some gan in the east side, some up cross cut bank, some up west bank, and some in back o' the shaft?' 'Yes.' 'The same way with religions. We all work in our different ways, but we are all good coal, gannin up the same shaft to heaven, through Jesus Christ.' The would-be puzzler was left standing dumbfounded."

ONE GREAT WORK.

The church has one great object, but various ways accomplishing that object, through the college, the paper, the tracts, the K. C. the S. S., the missions, etc., but all through Christ for the salvation of souls.

MEN OF GENIUS.

Genius is a poor substitute for diligence and hard work. A man should know how to use his hands as well as his brains. Paul was a great preacher and a great writer, but fortunately for him he was a good tent-maker also.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* gives the following list of eminent men whose genius did not provide them the comforts of life or save them from sore adversity.

"Homer was a beggar. Spencer died in want. Cereantes died of hunger. Terrence, the dramatist, was a slave. Dryden lived in poverty and distress. Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold. Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress. Butler lived a life of penury, and died poor. Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill. Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, yet starved with all. Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings. Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs. Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely, and through hunger. Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had erected himself. The death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement. Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at 18. Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of \$40. Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield'

was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law. Fielding lies in the bury-ground of the English factory of Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. Milton sold his copyright of 'Paradise Lost' for \$72, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity. Camoens, the celebrated writer of the 'Lusiad,' the great Portuguese epic, ended his life, it is said, in an almshouse; and at any rate, was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged in the streets of Lisbon for him.

Labor is the lot of man, and no brilliancy of genius can be relied on to exempt him from toil. Men who try to live by their wits often fail for lack of capital. Others of undoubted capacity find to their sorrow that the world admires genius, but pays for hard work. Blessed is the man who knows how to earn his living.

A SMALL FISHERMAN.

Ralph was going fishing with papa and mamma, uncle and auntie. He said he was sure he could catch "five or nine fishes all his own self," if he had a chance.

When they stopped under some trees near the water, mamma and auntie said they would rest in the shade awhile. Papa and uncle said they would go on to the best fishing place.

"I want to fish now. Please let me, papa," begged Ralph.

"You can't go with us," said papa; but if you will promise to keep quite still till mamma comes for you, I will let you sit on the banks yonder, and cast your line into the water."

"I'll sit still as anything," promised Ralph, and as papa left him where mamma could see him, he sat on the bank holding his stalk of a rod, and dangling the line as eagerly as possible.

But somehow the fishes did not seem to care anything about his hook. They just left it alone. The young fisherman drew it up and dropped it again as deep as he could. He thought he felt something, and pulled quick. The line broke and floated away on the water. It had caught on some roots growing out of the bank.

Just then Ralph thought he saw a fish wiggle its head in the water. How he did want to crawl down after his line! "But I mustn't," he said; and he did not.

Presently mamma came, and by this time the line was out of sight.

"I could have caught a big fish for you, mamma, if I could have picked up my line, but I sat still;" and the young fisherman told all about his mishap.

Mamma hugged him tight. "You would have fallen in if you had gone down to the water," she said. "I would rather have a boy who can be trusted to do what he is bidden than all the big fishes that ever swam."—*The Sunbeam*.